

# Jorge Curioso Flies a Plane

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This is Jorge. He was a good little monkey. And always curious.

Like the time he and his friend, the man in the amarillo sombrero, had to fly to Japan.

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Jorge sat by the window. Watched the ground get further away. Until they were above the clouds. He looked out the window and saw white below and all around.

The man in the amarillo sombrero fell asleep after two gin-and-tonics. Jorge had to pee. So he unbuckled his belt and climbed over the seats to the bathroom. Jorge was curious, and really had to pee. But the bathrooms were occupied and a line of five was already there. So he walked up the aisle and entered the first class section. There was no line at the first class lavatory, so he went in, relieved himself and began walking back to his seat. A flight attendant stopped him.

“Would you like to see how they fly the plan?” she asked. Jorge had never seen how they fly planes, or even a pilot before. The flight attendant held his hand and walked him to the cockpit.

Jorge, curious monkey that he was, started pushing buttons. The pilot scolded Jorge, but that just made Jorge angry. So Jorge defecated and threw it at the pilot. The feces temporarily blinded the pilot. The copilot turned and began yelling at Jorge. So Jorge threw more poo, hitting the copilot in the face. Jorge began jumping around more and hitting more buttons and turning knobs. The plane

began nosediving. Jorge grabbed the controls and began pulling the thingy, raising the plane out of its downward plummet.

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The man in the amarillo sombrero clung to his seat cushion. He used it as a flotation device. Not another living soul around him. Except Jorge. Jorge was sitting on the pilot's back. The pilot floated face down in the water.

"Looks like it's just you and me, Jorge," said the man in the amarillo sombrero. "I wonder how this happened?"

Jorge looked down at the pilot's back.

The pair drifted for days and wound up on the shore of some beach. When the pilot's body had been consumed, they looked for more food, but there was nothing on the island to eat.

But Jorge was a clever little monkey. Always curious.

"And tasty," said the man with the amarillo sombrero, as he chewed on Jorge's thigh.

